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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

November 20.

- 1861—McClellan reviews his army of 76,000 men.
1861—Captain Pegram, of Confederate steamer Nashville, burns the Federal ship Harvey Birch.
1882—The strike at Carnegie Mills, Homestead, Pa., declared off.
1893—The Supreme Court decides that the Great Lakes of this country and their connecting waters are included in the term "high seas."

A Miscarriage of Justice.

The Grand Jury and the Fraudulent Voucher Case.

Speaking, on Monday last, at the centennial celebration of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, the President said:

We can divide, and must divide, on party lines as regards certain questions, as regards the deepest, as regards the vital questions. We cannot afford to divide, and I have the right to challenge the best effort of every American worthy of the name to putting down by every means in his power corruption in private life, and above all, corruption in public life. And, remembering you, the people of this Government by the people, that while the public servant, the legislator, the executive officer, the judge, are not to be excused if they fall short of their duty, yet that their doing their duty cannot avail unless you do yours. In the last resort we have to depend upon the jury drawn from the people to convict the scoundrel who has tainted our public life, and unless that jury does its duty, unless it is backed by public sentiment of the people, all the work of the legislator, of executive officer, of judicial officer, are for naught.

The answer to this impassioned plea—the purpose of which cannot be misunderstood—is Commissioner Macfarland's bland announcement, made yesterday, that in the opinion of the law officers of the District and of a grand jury, composed, presumably, of reputable citizens, it is no crime to secure \$600 from school funds on fictitious requisitions and false vouchers, and to apply such funds for a purpose which the Comptroller of the Treasury repeatedly declared to be illegal. Commissioner Macfarland makes the announcement in somewhat different language, but that is what it amounts to.

Readers of The Times will remember that this is the case to which we drew attention in June last. The facts were undisputed. The former Board of School Trustees arranged with a photographer to pay \$1,200 for a lot of school views for an exhibit at the Paris exposition. Half of this sum was paid by the former board. The bill for the balance was presented to the present Board of Education. The Comptroller of the Treasury was asked if school funds could legally be so applied. He was pressed several times to allow it, but insisted that such payment would be illegal. In spite of this, in the absence of the president of the board, its former secretary made up a requisition for maps which no one had asked for, to cost \$600, and arranged with a local dealer to submit vouchers for furnishing them. The vice president of the board signed the requisition; the dealer made out his bills for \$600 for maps which he understood he was not to deliver, and which he did not deliver; the secretary of the board certified that they had been received; the money was paid the dealer, and he passed it over to the photographer. The amount is not great, but if it were \$6,000 or \$60,000 the principles involved would be the same.

In discussing this case, on June 22 last, we ventured also to draw attention to section 5438 of the Revised Statutes which makes it an offense, under high penalty, to prepare, or use, or cause to be prepared, or used, "fictitious" papers in the matter of claims against the United States. We also drew attention to the fact that the statute of limitations threatened to run in a fortnight against prosecution under that section of the Revised Statutes and others covering the case. In spite of this warning, however, the fortnight was permitted to lapse. Then there was a great show of proceeding under District law, and presently it was announced that here the statute of limitations had one more year to run. By the light of Commissioner Macfarland's statement, made yesterday, the taxpayers of the District will have an opportunity of judging for themselves to what extent the District Attorney's office must

be held responsible for this grotesque miscarriage of justice.

The President's burning words on Monday last carried with them a meaning which makes us suspect that we haven't heard the last of this case. If the law officers are negligent; if grand juries fail to perform their duties; if public opinion condones practices of this kind—there is one opportunity for appeal still open, of which the helpless taxpayer of the District may avail himself. And that appeal—to Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States—we venture to say, will not be made in vain.

The Hazing Question.

The Mischievous Influence of Winking at Infractions of Discipline.

There is a disposition in certain quarters to advise leniency with the youths who have been proved guilty of hazing in colleges, and it is argued that these youths are not necessarily the least worthy men in their classes. The idea seems to be that we ought to be economical, and not waste any possible good material for soldiers, sailors or graduates of colleges.

Specious this argument is, and likely to appeal to the sympathies of people whose softness of heart has affected their heads, but it is all beside the question. It is not necessary to suppose that the young men who send their comrades to the hospital by ingeniously contrived torments are in all respects inferior specimens of humanity, or that they may not make very good men when some of the nonsense has been knocked out of them. The point is that it is a soldier's business to obey orders; that the orders are to stop hazing; and that it is not elevating to the standards of the army to wink at infractions of discipline. In short, this is a case in which a spade should be called a spade and not a teaspoon or a soup ladle.

The danger which is perhaps most imminent in American life just now is that of disregard for law. The iniquitous influence of political pull, which allows one man to break the law and go scot-free, while another is punished; the subtle corruption of bribery, by which money becomes a greater power than law; the irrational mob spirit, which holds that any sort of outrage is justifiable if a number of people are determined to commit it; all these things endanger that respect for law which is the only safeguard of popular liberty. The educated man cannot afford to identify himself with the law-breaking force. He cannot afford to place irresponsible tradition above responsible government, or to make brute force, and not reason, the last appeal among disciplined men. That is why hazing should be punished, without any weakening or false sentiment.

A Sinister Happening.

The Warning Fate of a Montreal Vegetarian.

A Montreal youth of twenty-two brief years is reported to have lived all his life without eating solid food. His sustenance was principally milk and sugar. Now he is dead. He died of eroup.

This should be a warning to those who are inclined to be intemperate in the use of breakfast foods, which, while undoubtedly healthful when used in moderation, are not suited to purposes of intoxication. It is true that this young man did not eat breakfast foods, confining his diet to milk and sugar, but anybody who has ever tried the various cereal preparations knows that, like man, it is not good for them to be alone. They must be eaten with milk and sugar in order to be palatable, and the milk and sugar, when taken in excess, constitute the danger.

There have been skeptics inclined to believe that mankind was not intended to live on predigested foods, and that the human stomach is a part of the divinely ordained scheme of things and ought to have something to do. Their opinion of the breakfast food is much the same as Dr. Rainsford's opinion of the flat—that it makes life too easy. But while it may not be good for the stomach to be relieved of all its historic duties, the average person gives it enough to do, even if he does eat breakfast foods once a day. The energy which he does not spend on his breakfast he is free to use on lobster salad and limburger cheese at supper. That is what one might call temperance.

But it should not be argued from the beneficent results of this wise economy that one ought to live entirely on breakfast foods, or infant's food. The public cannot be too solemnly warned against the danger of becoming so addicted to prepared cereals as to refuse all other diet, and squander fortunes in trying to get enough of these to satisfy the appetite. Let the prudent American supplement his breakfast food by beefsteak, pie, and the humble potato, or

live in the fear of being cut off in the flower of his youth and vigor, by eroup.

Pensions and Salaries.

Should Latter Be Reduced When Former Are Increased?

The case of the reduction of Frank W. Vaughn, a veteran clerk in the Pension Office, from \$2,000 to \$1,800 a year, is attracting wide attention, and is subjecting Commissioner of Pensions Ware to no little adverse criticism. Mr. Vaughn is one of the best known and best beloved of Washington citizens, as he has long been prominent in practical work for the moral uplifting of young men. He is the founder of the well-known Vaughn Class Club, of Calvary Baptist Church, of this city, an organization for the education and healthful amusement of young men, so admirable in its scope that it has been widely copied elsewhere by other churches.

The reduction of Mr. Vaughn therefore will attract more general attention than would that of a less known man. Perhaps the Commissioner had some premonition of this, as he is said to have requested Mr. Vaughn to put in application for reduction of his own salary, on the ground that he was getting too much. The Commissioner is original, if nothing else. Very rarely, indeed, have employees of any concern been asked to make application for reduction of salary. A serious question is involved in this reduction of Vaughn. The Pension Office avers that he is a crippled veteran of the war, who has long performed valuable services, but that he has now been reduced to make room for a younger man. It is alleged, by way of palliation, that an increase in his pension more than equalizes his reduction of salary. But does not such reduction defeat the very object for which Congress granted his increase? Does Congress expect Ware to keep tab on the pensions of such crippled veterans as may be so unfortunate as to be in his employ, and reduce their salaries whenever they may be granted an increase?

The seat of Reed Smoot may not be in danger, but the W. C. T. U. seems to intend to strew tacks in it.

When it comes to political somersaults, the Latin-American republic is not the land of manana, but the land of Johnny on the spot.

When we look at the map of Tibet we have a picture in our minds of devoted companies of British soldiers traveling over a country something like a heap of broken bottles.

"Panamañan" is the new term for the people of the Isthmus. Its defect is that the only good rhyme for it is "banyan," which does not grow there.

Two professors in the University of Nebraska have been studying style by counting the words in sentences by the best authors. This is about as sensible as that system of astrology by which a man's fate is predicted according to the number of letters in his name.

The Delegate from Hawaii has two names, Cupid and Jonah. It is to be hoped that the other name of the Cupid which rules the Senate is not Jonah.

Philadelphia must be a more dangerous hunting ground than has been generally supposed. A ferocious rabbit discharged a gun at a hunter there and killed a dog.

A wedding between a Bridgeport girl and a Syracuse man has been declared off, and the girl's parents sent back a carload of wedding presents to the friends of the groom. The merchants of that town refuse to take them back, and Santa Claus will undoubtedly be unusually busy in Syracuse this year.

A man in Yonkers says that it takes a higher type of woman to be a good Mormon wife than to be a good ordinary wife. Maybe, but a system under which every man can have a good wife seems to be better suited to the needs of humanity.

Stromboli is said to be active, but that need cause the State Department no uneasiness; Stromboli is not a South American revolutionist, but a volcano in Italy.

Women at the horse show are said to have kissed some of the horses. At any rate their taste favors thoroughbreds.

Lord Cromer is said to write poetry. Perhaps the "Barack-Room Ballads" were not technical enough to suit him.

The heirs of a man who was lynched in Ohio have recovered \$5,000 damages, and the taxpayers think that there is not half so much fun in lynching if you have to pay for it.

Mr. Bryan might get up a signed edition of his book and see if that would increase his revenues.

Mr. Cleveland might not have come in conflict with the game laws of Virginia if he had gone gunning simply for the nomination.

Princess Louise seems to have pictured herself as the Woman Who Did and found herself in the position of the Woman Who Was Done.

President W. V. Gil may consider himself a quart, but there is no evidence that he is more than a spoonful.

The murder is out last. Colonel Watterson has impeached the President.

The People's Forum.

Panama Complications.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I want to ask you about Panama. It is foster the new government on the isthmus, are we in any sense bound to supervise its fiscal operations? I think we are—but I wait on The Times to make the matter clear.

Washington, Nov. 18.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Only Half Told.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: You have often touched on the abuses of our city government. Have your reporters yet noticed the condition of Thirty-third Street, Georgetown, between O and P Streets? "The half has never been told." Please have a man look over this district across the creek.

Washington, Nov. 17.

GEORGETOWN.

News in the Pension Office.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I was sorry that your editorial on the Hon. Commissioner of Pensions did not touch on his attitude toward speculating. There is rare "pickiness" in the Pension Bureau for your reporters.

Washington, Nov. 18.

H. K. E.

Wisdom for Our Merchants.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: I see that writers on economics are criticizing our merchants for not suiting their exports to the foreign markets and giving the people what they want, instead of what happens to be on hand. I submit that they don't suit their goods to the domestic market much better. On recommending an exhibition of goods for wearing a thin summer shirt waist in November, she told me that she had been all over town trying to find suitable flannel ones, and was told that flannel was not going to be worn this winter. It fashion dictated that nobody would wear hats, would the shops give up keeping them, whether they were a demand for them or not, I should like to know.

Washington, Nov. 17.

COMMON SENSE.

Order in the Theaters.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Now that the theatrical season has fairly begun, why do not the managers of the theaters make an effort to stop the nuisance of late arrivals? Here and there a star insists on the rule of refusing to show people to their seats while the curtain is up, but unless some such personal effort is made, the punctual part of the audience is compelled to lose the first half hour of the play.

Washington, Nov. 16.

ONE OF THE PUNCTUAL.

Frigid Street Cars.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Again there comes a wail from the much-abused car-riding public of Washington against the Ninth Street branch of the Washington Traction and Electric Company. Ever since that line was put in operation, it has been a source of complaint. It is not the most pleasant thing in the world to sit in one of those lattice-work conveyances with the car running downhill as fast as it can and the wind whistling through the lattice at forty miles an hour or more. Despite the vigorous protests from the thousands of patrons of this line, the open cars are still in service just as in the sunny days of the "good old summer time."

The company does not appear to have any closed motor cars. The open motors which are used are not heated, and the refrigerator never was a rival of the heater for frigidity. By operating cars on which there are no heating apparatus the company, of course, saves electricity and therefore saves money.

Is there no way by which the company can be compelled to operate closed cars in the winter? It certainly is cold enough for closed cars now, but we still have the open ones, and unless they are closed, they are no better than a "good old summer time."

Washington, Nov. 19.

COLD FEET.

In a Lighter Vein.

Modern Barbarism.

He was a modern barber and his shop was always clean; His towels all were snowy white; No finer ever were seen. He kept his brushes in a row; He used no powdered chalk; And while he shaved he sprang a line Of antiseptic talk.

—Baltimore American.

News of a Novelty.

Cassey—"This queer, the way Flanagan bates his wife. Cassey—Queer, is it? What way does he do it?"—Philadelphia Press.

Generally the One.

Barker—Say, old man, whom do you prefer as an after-dinner speaker? Barker—Anyone but my wife.—Chicago News.

The Clothes Make the Man.

"Why, then, that fellow Smithers is one of the homeliest clods I ever laid eyes on." "Oh, but he's just magnificent in his football clothes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Hopeless.

Proddman—Did you ever hear my little girl recite? I believe she'll be an elocutionist when she grows up.

Hardman—Oh! It may not be so bad at that. She may outgrow it.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Fashion in Full Dress.

First Countryman—I've been to the horse show. Second Ditto—What kind of a horse saw you? First Ditto—Clothes horse show, I should say.—New York Sun.

If Not a Hint a Kick.

She—Faint heart never won fair lady, you know. He—True. I fear I shall never muster up courage to propose.

She—But then, ladies are not all fair. I'm a decided brunette.—Kansas City Journal.

The Wooden Indian.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who stands outside the door, And guards, with frown and hatchet, The old tobacco store. He never took a grocery bill, He never sold a pound of lard, He never took a looking glass At Bourbon, fizz, or rye.

Behold the wooden Indian, A mass of oak and paint; He never made a crooked move, In faith, he is a saint. He never bought a stack of chips And sat into a game; He never rubbed a clove into a girl, Or flirted with a dame.

Behold the wooden Indian, Who, on the other hand, Was never known to help the poor That all our glories stand. Who never heard the piteous cry Of him who starved alone— Who never gave a hungry dog So much as one small bone.

Behold the wooden Indian (And why is much like wood, Who never did a bit of harm, Nor yet, he is a saint. His family is not extinct— In fact, one often meets A lot of wooden Indians A-walking on the streets!—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Courts and Capitals Of the Old World.

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

Unique Palace Exhibition.

Fashionable women in this country might do worse than follow the example of the widowed Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, only sister of the late Czar, who has just succeeded in raising a remarkably large sum in behalf of a children's hospital by holding in her palace at Coburg an exhibition which, I believe, until now unique. Tasterfully arranged in spacious rooms after room on the ground floor of the palace, were shown all the most valuable and highly prized possessions of the duchess, of her four daughters, of her nephew the Grand Duke Cyril of Russia, and of the widow of Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. The treasures consisted of all the jewels of the royal ladies in question, those of the Crown Princesses of Roumania and of Jax mother, Duchess Marie, being particularly magnificent.

Among other things there was a wonderful golden lace service picked out with pearls, given to Duchess Marie by her father, Czar Alexander II, on her marriage; an almost priceless collection of laces and furs, the duchess having inherited all those of her mother, Czarina Marie; a whole fleet of exquisitely modeled silver ships, some of them of large size, presented to and purchased by the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who, up to the time of his accession to his uncle's German throne, served in the British navy as Duke of Edinburgh; the robes worn by the princess at the coronation of King Edward and by Duchess Marie at the coronation of Czar Alexander III.; a magnificent set of the duchess's wardrobe, "toilette necessaire" and a big traveling automobile.

Great Crowds There.

People came from far and near, from Frankfurt, from Cologne, and from places even more remote, to see this exhibition, which was thronged all the time that it remained open, and I cannot help thinking that something of the same kind might be attempted with success by the fashionable women of the various big cities in this country. If a number of them were to get together and organize an exhibition of their "finest jewels, their most beautiful laces and furs and their most precious bric-a-brac, even of their porcelains and plate," I am sure that their less fortunate fellow citizens, or rather, I should say, their fellow "citizens," would flock to see them, all insatiable of a love of ostentation being dispelled by the fact that the show was in behalf of some deserving charity.

In New York, for instance, an exhibition of the jewels, plate, bric-a-brac, lace and furs of the Vanderbilts, the Astors and other families equally identified in the eyes of the public with the possession of great wealth, would be certain to draw such big crowds, not only from the Empire City, but also from other places nearby, that a fortune would be realized for philanthropic purposes.

Karl, Her Presumptive.

Young Archduke Karl, who has just been gazetted to a lieutenantcy in the first Regiment of Austrian Lancers, thereby making entrance into the imperial army, is sixteen years of age and the heir presumptive to his grand-uncle, Archduke Otto, and as the latter's elder brother, Archduke Francis, the heir apparent, is moribundly married to the Princess Hohenberg, and his children are in consequence excluded from the succession to the crown, it is young Archduke Karl who is destined, if he lives, to eventually become Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary.

He is a particular favorite of Francis Joseph, who has taken a special interest in his training, and the lad enjoys the distinction of having been the first scion of the House of Hapsburg to have received his education in the Blue grammar school at Vienna, where he sat side by side with boys of the most humble parentage, destined years hence to become his subjects. He has inherited the good looks of his father, and has not yet shown any trace of that wildness which made Archduke Otto rather difficult to manage at a time when he was sowing his wild oats.

Gladstone's Financial Straits.

Surely John Morley is mistaken in asserting throughout his "Life" of Gladstone that the latter was a rich man. For during his public career Gladstone was on several occasions in pecuniary straits. This, too, in spite of his fame as the foremost financier of the Victorian era. Indeed, he was compelled at one time to sell his library—the collection of a lifetime—aloud, and then to put up at auction his cherished and valuable collection of china. He was also forced to sell his town house in Carlton House Terrace, remaining dependent upon the hospitality of friends, such as Lord Rendel, whenever he made a stay in London.

In fact, it was only during the last few years of the Grand Old Man's life, after the money spent in relieving the terribly embarrassed Hawarden Castle estate of Sir Stephen Glynn and in developing the property had begun to yield returns, that he may be said to have enjoyed anything like affluence.

Thought of the Stage.

Nor does John Morley make any mention that he can find of the fact that not only was Gladstone a playwright, but that at one time seriously considered going on the stage as a professional actor. He was to such an extent struck in his youth that he consulted the famous actor Macready respecting his chances of success in the dramatic profession. The tragedian is reported to have expressed a favorable opinion to him.

But subsequently Mr. Gladstone was induced to abandon his intentions in that direction by the advice of his friend, Lord Stanley, afterward fourteenth Earl of Derby, so celebrated as prime minister, and as translator of the works of Homer. Of course, the entreaties of Mr. Gladstone's own relatives likewise weighed in the balance, persuading him to change his plans. The course of English history in the last half of the nineteenth century might have been different had Mr. Gladstone become an actor.

Will Succeed Monson.

Sir Frank Lascelles, who is, it appears, destined to succeed Sir Edmond Monson as ambassador at Paris on Sir Edmond's retirement on the score of age early next year, commenced his diplomatic career at Paris, where he married one of the daughters of the late Sir Joseph O'Connell, the famous Irish physician at Napoleon III., at whose request

Sir Joseph was knighted by Queen Victoria. An infamous and in every sense of the word slanderous portrayal of Sir Joseph will be found in Alphonse Daudet's novel, "The Nabob," in which he figures as "Dr. Jeandine." Sir Joseph, who was an intimate friend and associate of the late Duke de Morny, was one of the fellow-founders with the latter of the now flourishing and fashionable French seaside resort Deauville, and whatever property the late Lady Lascelles inherited from her father was derived from that source.

Sir Frank, in his younger days, was famous as a mimic, and may be said to have won his spurs at Cairo in depositing Khedive Ismail, performing his difficult work with much delicacy, according to the most competent judge of the occasion, Ismail himself. He was likewise the British envoy in Bulgaria, when Prince Alexander was first kidnapped and abducted into Russia, and then a few weeks later forced to abdicate.

Favorite in Berlin.

In Berlin he has been a great success as ambassador, and the warm and affectionate regard in which he is held by the Kaiser is shown among other things by the fact that the latter has on several occasions paid such early calls at the embassy that he found Sir Frank still in bed, declined to let him get up and sat by his bedside talking to him. He often boasts of having seen Sir Frank in pajamas, and is accustomed to assert that the latter looks much better in that garb than in his diplomatic uniform.

Although reference is constantly made to the distaste of Joseph Chamberlain, ex-secretary of state for the colonies, for every kind of physical exercise, and to his un-English indifference for sports, yet this famous statesman was in his young years a wonderfully "apt swimmer" and was wont to perform the most extraordinary feats in the way of diving. His son, Austin, the present chancellor of the exchequer, has taken after him in this respect, and was taught diving and swimming by his father.

Beatrice Chamberlain, the ex-colonial secretary's daughter, by the by, is now in this country, staying at New Haven with Miss Whitney, daughter of the late Prof. Whitney, of Yale.

Oxford Is Displeased.

Lord Goschen's election as chancellor of the University of Oxford, although to a great extent unanimous, is far from being popular, the fact that he is of Hebrew origin, a politician rather than a great statesman, and a financier rather than a scholar, being urged against him. The office of chancellor of the University of Oxford is one of the highest of English distinctions. In the last century it was conferred upon Lord Grenville, the great Duke of Wellington, that famous Earl of Derby who was nicknamed "the Rupert of Debate," and the late Lord Salisbury. It has always been held by a statesman of the highest rank, and with the exception of Oliver Cromwell, who elected himself to the chancellorship, has invariably been filled by a peer of the realm of ancient and illustrious lineage. The Duke of Devonshire, the present holder of the office, is a descendant of the University of Cambridge, where his predecessor was Queen Victoria's husband, the late prince consort.

It is generally understood that Lord Goschen owes his election to wire-pulling on the part of Sir Michael Hicks Beach, who was bent on preventing Lord Rosebery, who is a great scholar, from securing the prize. There are several other statesmen who have obtained high academic distinction, and who would have been on that account preferable to Lord Goschen, among them Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, who bears a great historic name, and who has held most of the great offices of state, including the governor-generalship of Canada and of India, and who was selected by Lord Salisbury to succeed him as minister of foreign affairs.

The Land of Open Air.

Blow, ye sweet southwestern breezes, See, the sky is grin and gay; Blow ye down the clouds and mists, In a land where ice-bergs play. Soften these unsmiling faces— Mold them with a gentle hand— Bring a hint of Latin graces— Whisper of a lady land. Saw ye any cactus blooming, Heavy-scented, white and sweet? Saw ye cane-fields waving their plumes— And against a sunset glow— Ragged purple mountains looming?— Saw ye aught of Mexico?

Blow, ye turbulent northeasters, Sweeping down on mighty wing! Blow, ye frozen-hearted fusters, Who devour the buds of spring. Howl ye, howl with my casement, Spirits of a leaden sky— Leave your manes of effacement— Gleaming white as ye hurl by. See, my spirit leaps and strides you, Shouting with you as ye go— Toward the fair southwest it rides you, Hands outstretched to Mexico. Toward a balmy doom it guides you— Sweet and sunny Mexico.

I am driving great-horned cattle Where the tiny deer-tracks lead. I am bent in merry halloo, With a wily, subtle deed. While my soul sings glad hosanna, Breathing life, and leaving care To a faint and far "manana"— In the land of open air. Then, though every wind be sweeping Through this gray shade of snow— In my dreams my heart is leaping To some wild sweet song I know— Leave me, leave me to my sleeping When I dream of Mexico!—Burgess Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

A Mystery of the Alps.

An almost forgotten mystery of the Austrian Alps has at last been cleared up. Thirty years ago a girl named Christine disappeared as a gypsy named Vlastine, and nothing was again heard of him until a few days since, when his body was found thickly sheathed in ice. He had evidently fallen into a crevasse, and the body, forming round itself an ice casing, had during the years followed the movements of the glacier, being at last recovered at its lowest extremity, where it emerged to view. The feet alone protruded from the ice. Great difficulty was experienced in extricating the body.—New York Tribune.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

When a man takes whisky for medicinal purposes he pays whopping big doctors' bills. When a man gives up his seat in a car to an ugly woman it is a sign he is getting out at that corner.

It would make a woman die with shame to show the same things in trousers she would show without them.

A woman always has great confidence in the doctor who says he relies on her intelligent care more than on medicines.—New York Press.

Free-Hand Comment On Men and Manners.

The scarlet leaves are drifting down, And fill our hearts with sadness; While eke the g